

## My Friends Need Me

by RainingStarWars

Category: Star Wars  
Genre: Angst, Friendship  
Language: English  
Characters: Darth Vader, Han S., Luke S., Yoda  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2016-04-14 04:55:02  
Updated: 2016-04-14 04:55:02  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:21:23  
Rating: K+  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 1,672  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: What Luke saw in his vision of Bespin was more painful than we could imagine.

### My Friends Need Me

Luke relaxed as he felt the world around him fade into nothing. He felt light as a feather; free from all trouble. Young Skywalker could feel the overwhelming calm of the Force as he allowed himself to fly away from the jungle in the Dagobah system and enter another place and another time. A place where the people he loved were currently residing.

Luke felt himself walking on air as a form came into view. The form of a city in the distance. It was a beautiful location, floating among the clouds in the sunset. The city almost seemed to sparkle in the setting sun. Luke felt better, thinking that perhaps his friends were safe in such a peaceful place.

"I see a city in the clouds." he told Yoda. Speaking aloud made the world around him tremble slightly as his focus was lessened, but Luke quickly eased back into his wandering mind. The blonde heard his master ahh in understanding. The old Jedi Master spoke to him gently, his voice echoing all around Luke.

"Bespin." Yoda confirmed. "Friends you have there, heh? Concentrate, and see them you will." Luke obeyed his master and breathed calmly, allowing himself to move through the land freely. At the speed of thought, the young Jedi was standing in what appeared to be a rather small cell. It was adorned with beautiful decorations, yet the room seemed very... Distasteful.

Luke turned, only to see the figure of his friend, Han Solo. The blonde's eyes lit up when he saw Han, even if the smuggler himself couldn't see him. The Corellian was sitting on the floor, slouched over with his head rested on one arm. He was all alone, and had a

strange silence about him.

Luke went to walk over to his friend, but before he could take a step, he was standing beside the burnette. He slowly bent to his knees, trying to see the smuggler's expression. Luke could sense the man's feelings, though. Han was anxious about something. He actually had several emotions flying through his head at the moment. Luke could feel Han's fear, his sadness, his anger, his confusion... And there was also a sense of betrayal.

Luke grew frightened now, which caused the world to quake. He stopped and breathed deeply, trying to remain calm so he could still see Han. Something was wrong, and Luke had to know what it was. \_Han?\_ he said not allowed, but in his mind. Even if he had spoken aloud, however, Han still wouldn't have been able to hear the blonde.

Luke placed a comforting hand on Han's shoulder, but quickly pulled back when he jumped. Wait, could Han \_feel\_ that? The Corellian's head shot up and glanced around, startled by a sudden familiar presence. He had felt that presence before. No, Han couldn't feel Luke's touch, but he could sense that he was there.

For some reason, the feeling made Han become overwhelmed with sadness. Luke sensed the man wishing to be free and with the young Jedi and Leia again. Luke then wished he hadn't touched Han, seeing as how it clearly made him feel even more miserable. The smuggler began to shake as he rested a hand on the side of his face. He looked as if he wanted to cry, but yet, he did not.

Suddenly, there were voices from outside the cell. Han and Luke both looked up in time to see two stormtroopers throw the door open. Luke gasped, but Han didn't seem surprised in the slightest. The burnette just stared at them blankly. "Come on, get up!" one of the two Imperial soldiers demanded. The other pulled the Corellian forcefully to his feet. Luke hopped up to follow them. He heard Han muttering curses under his breath as they shoved him out into the hall, knocking him down as they did so.

Luke winced when Han's chin came into contact with the hard tile floor, but the smuggler didn't seem phased. As soon as he hit the ground, one of the stormtroopers forced him back up and pushed him along. They did this for a while, shoving their blasters into Han's back and knocking him down every now and then. All the while, he just went along with it.

On one occasion, Han fell face-first into the floor. Luke almost shouted, but he knew if he spoke out loud, it would be harder to remain attached to this world. Instead, he simply took a deep breath and tried his best to stay calm, but it became difficult to not panic when they pulled Han back up, only to reveal a stream of blood flowing from the bottom of his lip. Again, they pushed him on until they reached a door at the end of the hall.

Luke sensed a dark presence as they began opening the door, and immediately felt dread coil around his soul. As the two stormtroopers forced Han into the room, the dismal form of Darth Vader lingered in the corner. Luke gasped and even Han looked concerned, but the Corellian still seemed as though he wasn't surprised.

"Han Solo." the raspy voice of Darth Vader spoke, sending visible

chills down Han and Luke's spines. The Sith Lord strolled across the room, his dark cape swishing behind him. Han stood as tall as he could muster, glaring the man down with heavy hatred.

"Ask me whatever you want, but I ain't tellin' you nothin'." the smuggler growled, making the stormtroopers behind him snicker. Vader turned his head, the hissing of his breath silencing the soldiers, then turned back to face Han again. He stared at him a moment before striding away. When he spoke again, Vader's voice was dead quiet.

"That won't be necessary." he confirmed. Han and Luke's expressions both turned into that of confusion. Suddenly, the two stormtroopers began shoving Han over to some kind of machine. Luke watched nervously as Han struggled against the soldiers, but failed to escape their grip. Vader watched blankly from the corner, making no sound but his breathing.

The stormtroopers began strapping Han down, leaving the Corellian unable to move. No matter how much the man struggled, he couldn't seem to escape. Han gasped, sweat pouring down his forehead. "What is this thing?" he grunted, still trying to break free. The stormtroopers laughed at him, but quickly stopped when Vader turned to them.

The Sith Lord strode over, his cape swishing behind him. He grabbed the handle of a switch, looking right at Han as he did so. "Your reward, captain." even with his mechanical voice, Luke could sense the malice lacing every word Vader said. When he pulled down the switch, bright sparks of electricity began shooting off the machine right in front of Solo.

Han's eyes widened, as did Luke's. \_No!\_ the blonde cried out in his mind, desperately wanting to burst into the room and save his friend. The table Han was strapped to slowly began lowering towards the sparks flying off the machine. The smuggler squeezed his eyes shut tight, trying to look away as he approached his near suffering.

Luke watched helplessly as Han Solo screamed in agony. The electricity made the burnette jolt and twist, yet he could not escape the tormenting sparks. Vader swept out of the room, leaving Han alone to suffer with the two stormtroopers. Luke called out desperately now, pleading the Force to let Han hear.

\_Han! Han!\_ he cried, but the smuggler continued to writhe and yell. Luke felt panic set in, causing the Force generated world to quiver. No! He had to stay calm! Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out... Think peacefully. Luke gripped the sweaty blonde locks of hair hanging from his head, squeezing his eyes shut tight.

\_Stay focused!\_ he demanded himself. However, it was impossible to concentrate with Han wailing in pain right beside him. The young Jedi's blue eyes shot open as he rushed to Han's side. At the speed of thought, he was there. Trying to squeeze the Corellian's arm as if that would help.

Luke's hands simply passed through the man's being though, causing Luke to curse as the world shook violently around him. However, Han tensed when Luke had tried to touch him. Luke remembered that Han could sense his presence, so the blonde kept his hands still on the

smuggler's arm. Though he was still screaming in agony, Luke could tell that Han's pain was lessened by his presence in the Force.

The young man's eyes flashed as he stood there, trying to steady his breathing and focus on lessening Han's pain. Were they torturing Leia, too? Probably. Luke felt anger swell inside him. Anger and fear. How\_ dare\_ they hurt his friends. Vader didn't even question Han! The young Jedi shook violently, causing the world around him to fade in and out.

His friends were suffering because of him. Luke couldn't just sit around and let them be tortured. He had to do something! He had to leave Dagobah and rescue his friends! The blonde glanced at the twitching and hurting Han sadly. He didn't want to leave Han alone to be harmed, but Luke knew that the Corellian might not be around to be harmed if he didn't do something.

"I'm sorry, my friends." he whispered aloud, removing his hands from Han's arm. Instandtly, the smuggler began screaming louder as the pain increased. Luke released his hold on the Force, allowing himself to return to his physical body with Yoda in the jungle.

When his eyes opened, Luke was met by Yoda. The old Jedi master watched him knowingly, a sad smile plastered on his dry lips. "My friends," Luke gasped, standing and wiping sweat from his brow. "they need my help."

End  
file.